

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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SIXPENCE

THE TROOPING OF COLOUR on the Horse Guards Parade was celebrated with even more than its usual brilliance. It is curious that the least militaristic of nations should boast the most brilliant military spectacle of our time, which as a show reduces to the second the army displays of the nations that still consider war as an instrument of policy. Possibly its popularity is partly due to the fact that its complicated evolutions can by no means be expressed in terms of modern practical warfare. It is certainly more inspiring to watch than the goose-step performed by a crack Prussian regiment and its value remains in a proof of discipline and control. The thousands who flocked to see it were eager to cheer their recently crowned King, and the demonstrations of the crowd expressed a heart-felt loyalty. This celebration of the ancient pomp of war followed well after the demonstration of aerial power which incidentally brought 35 aeroplanes flying in formation over the metropolis. A far greater concentration of aerial power will be seen shortly, and at least one can be sure that the machines and the men who fly them need fear comparison with no air fleet of the world.

CORONATION TATTOO, as was to be expected, has surpassed all former productions. In the opening item banners of every Dominion, Colony and State in the Empire are paraded by a detachment of the Coldstream Guards, while Seaforth Highlanders "keep the field." Both regiments wear full dress uniform, the resulting colour effect being most impressive, and nothing during the whole display surpasses it for beauty and dignity. The number of bands has been increased this year, and when over thirty of them march and counter-march to stirring music, their magnificent uniforms ablaze under the searchlights, the audience is aroused to a burst of cheering. Pike-men and Musketeers in the costumes of King Charles I's reign go through their complicated drill to the almost polite requests of their officers, which sound strangely to the modern ear accustomed to the terse commands in use to-day. The historical battle scene of The Passage of the Douro in 1809 is reproduced with faithful accuracy and much firing.

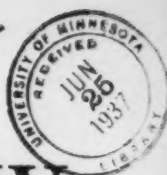
Lest we should think soldiering is nothing more than riding on magnificent chargers and playing about in gorgeous clothes, we are given a fine display of drill by men in singlets and shorts, all straight of limb and firm of muscle. Fireworks figure this year, which will be popular, and another of the prettiest events is the torchlight figure marching in the darkened arena. The grand finale, when all the performers are massed together, is magical: the Guards on black horses, followed by the Greys and the Dragoons; on foot the Beef-eaters, the Archers, the Highlanders, the French,

and the trumpeters grouped in a maze of colour. Among these, as if to remind us of reality, stand a line or two of khaki-clad soldiers. War, they seem to say, is not like this. The pity of it!

JAPAN A WEEK AGO took to itself a new Prime Minister, Prince Konoye, who was described by *The Times'* Tokyo correspondent as "a public-spirited, modern-minded man with strong natural ability" and who was said to be confident that he could carry on "a truly national administration." The former Prime Minister, General Hayashi, appears to have owed his fall not to what Western observers might regard as his blunder in recklessly embarking upon a General Election, but to his rather surprising neglect to make the slightest overtures to any of the great political parties. When the "senior statesmen" began to treat him with coldness and the Army withdrew its support, his position naturally became hopelessly untenable. The new Prime Minister is believed to be anxious to secure the close co-operation of the political parties, but his retention in office will obviously depend on the amount of support he receives from the Army. And as to that one can but "wait and see" how that Army will react to the carrying out of his "truly national" programme.

AT THE LAST MOMENT a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England offered to perform a religious ceremony after the civil marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. His offer was accepted, and it would be impertinent for anyone to criticise the action of the clergyman or of the Duke in accepting the offer. The incident, however, has been made the occasion of an attack, in some ill-informed quarters, on the Bishops and even on the Government. The position is perfectly simple. The Church of England does not recognise divorce, and its ministers are not authorised to marry divorced persons, though a vicar cannot refuse the use of his church to another clergyman for this purpose. In normal circumstances the Primate would no doubt have performed the ceremony, but the circumstances were far from normal. If he had done so in this case, what an outcry there would have been. One law for a Prince, and another for a poor man—we can imagine the head-lines.

PRISON REFORM is again before the public eye—a spirited debate in the House of Commons testifying to a keen interest taken in this subject. Experiments continue on the right lines, the paying of small wages to prisoners is on the increase, privileges are given early and are only forfeited by bad behaviour. At Wakefield the system of working and sleeping away from the prison seems to be succeeding, as no untoward



incident has so far occurred. The modern treatment of first offenders is also proving successful. As far as statistics prove anything, it appears that barely 16 per cent. had returned to prison a second time up to the end of 1935. That many prison buildings are antiquated is not disputed, and when the necessary funds are available improvements will be made.

Overcrowding in slums, however, being the root cause of nearly all crime, it is hoped that as this evil is abolished less prison accommodation will be needed. A serious obstacle in the path of the reformers is the difficulty of placing ex-prisoners in work on discharge. The majority of criminals are weak of will, and an idle man is more vulnerable to temptation than one in steady employment. Public sympathy should be enlisted in this cause, for without it the wrongdoer, losing courage, may drift into a life of crime, and all the efforts made to reform him while in prison will have been wasted.

TIPS IN FRANCE have been abolished by the Chamber of Deputies, but in France as elsewhere it does not always follow that such decrees make much difference to practice. It is easy enough to abolish tips in restaurants and tea-shops; the proprietor merely advertises "no tips" and presumably gets his own back on an extra charge or inferior food, unless, of course, he is a philanthropist. The real difficulty arises in hotels, particularly after a short stay. Ten per cent. on a week's bill does not come to very much: on a month's bill it ought to be adequate. Beyond that tips should be given only for extra personal services beyond what the hotel normally supplies. The real test is whether the hotel bill including tips or 10 per cent. service is reasonable, and that is for the guest to decide. *Caveat emptor.*

TWO OF THE MOST IMPORTANT new productions in the cinemas are *Take My Tip*, at the Gaumont, and *Storm in a Teacup*, at the Leicester Square. The former, which contains those popular players, Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, is an amusing bit of nonsense that gives them both ample opportunities to indulge in that brand of farce for which they are noted. There are also a couple of good tunes and a certain amount of dancing. *Storm in a Teacup* is the screen version of the play which Mr. Bridie adapted from Mr. Bruno Frank's original. Mr. Bridie has made an Anglo-Scottish affair of it, with Cecil Parker, as the Provost who wants Scotland for the Scottish, and Sarah Allgood, as an Irishwoman who doesn't see why she should pay for a licence for her dog. The journalist, who champions her and the dog, is played by Rex Harrison, and the Provost's daughter, who champions the journalist, by Vivien Leigh. There is plenty of laughter in this picture for those who find the subject to their taste, but the appeal is not very wide. However, it is excellently played by everyone, including the dog.

OF THE THEATRES, *Judgment Day*, by Elmer Rice, has moved to the Strand. Attention has already been called on this page to

this impressive play, which should be played to full houses. *Pay Day*, four performances of which were given by the Arts Club recently, is an interesting play by B. Carlton Brown. The plot—a novel one—turns on two murders, both perpetrated by young people whose parents had endeavoured fruitlessly to rid themselves of them before birth, the absurd hypothesis being that each child is born with a desire for destruction! Barbara Toy as the murderess played excellently, as did Gordon Richardson. The rest of the cast did not do justice to the play.

THOSE who expected something unusual at the Richmond Theatre this week will not have been disappointed. The scene of the First Legion—a play by Emmet Lavery—is laid in a Jesuit Monastery, all but two of the characters being priests. The interest is sustained by a series of psychological reactions centring round the validity of a miraculous event in the monastery. Mr. C. V. France as the Father Rector gave a fine performance and was supported by a good cast, amongst whom Leonard Thorne stands out for his convincing playing of the cripple boy. The audience was enthusiastic.

PHILATELISTS, who are in extremely solemn congress at Folkestone this week, are a strange race in the eyes of those who do not collect stamps. If the mystery grows at its present rate, the opposition, in the parliamentary sense, will find themselves in a minority. Time was when stamp-collecting was looked upon as a harmless and indeed useful occupation for schoolboys. It kept them out of mischief and might even, optimist parents thought, teach them some history and geography. So far as our experience goes, boys still collect stamps, but they lose interest sooner than in the past, competition being strong from such subjects as motors and aeroplanes. To-day philately is the hobby mainly of middle and old age, and we are inclined to think that it appeals to those to whom crosswords are anathema. There is also the necessary financial appeal: with knowledge and sound judgment the amateur can make a comfortable addition to his income out of stamps. Why philately, by the way? Those who know their Demosthenes know the answer. As there were no such things as stamps until 1840 A.D., the word is a very odd example of the English devotion to ancient Greece even in matters of vocabulary.

IN THE CITY considerable relief has been felt by the temporary settlement of the gold crisis. There has been no real increase in business, though a distinct upward tendency in most markets. Until details of the new tax which is to replace the now happily defunct "contribution" are known, it is impossible to say what any industrial share is worth. In the circumstances genuine investors, as distinct from speculators, will be well advised to hold on and hope for the best. Improvements in the international situation confirm this advice.

Leading Articles

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOIL

IN the 19th century Great Britain pinned its faith to an unattainable ideal of material security. The inevitable rhythm and risks of growth—a nation must grow just as a human being—were ignored or denied and agriculture which of necessity expresses the ups and downs of natural law became of less account than Cinderella. Factories, industries, finance—a man can flatter himself that he can control their activities according to his will, though he may have some difficulty in deceiving himself as to the limitations imposed by unforeseen slumps and booms and quite unaccountable unemployment. When it comes to the soil, he cannot hoodwink himself as to his own feebleness. The millionaire says a word and stocks and shares rise or fall like balloons. He may say a great many words about the weather without the crops being in the slightest degree affected.

That comic creature Man, pretending to be omnipotent, thought that he would score off Nature and all her caprices. The climate of these islands, their soil and fruits, were rich almost beyond compare taken over a period, but this fertility was liable to be broken by spells of failure. So their inhabitants decided to dodge this uncertainty and make sure of the future. Their industry which drove men to toil with machines in factories where no green thing grew opened the harvests of the world to their demand. In return for their goods, foreign countries provided them with food that scorned the vagaries of Nature; for if the harvest failed here or there, it would be abundant somewhere else. Transport levelled all difficulties and Utopia was to be found in eating the fruit of any soil except our own.

The result was not quite what the supporters of this policy had anticipated. It is true that our factories multiplied and these Islands became uncommonly rich. To-day it is interesting and instructive to note the surprise not unmixed with horror with which our countrymen who have lived long overseas regard the luxury and superabundance of exotic goods which London offers to the purchaser. Germany and Italy have been tightening up their belts to play their part in world history. Taxation has not curtailed the multiplicity of wares offered to the British public. One may travel through the length and breadth of Italy without seeing a pair of artificial silk stockings. What happens to the Italians who in this country would be employed in the production of this harmless luxury? One hopes that they are not all engaged in war work destined to persuade our people that there are things in the world more important than silk stockings.

The curse that the Victorians laid upon us in their worship of wealth and industry began its insidious work by belittling agriculture. The fruits of the earth could be brought in from across the seas without consideration of weather caprices at a

price far lower than the English farmer needed for his bare subsistence. Down with agriculture was the cry and to-day it has so far swept the country that we are governed by a gang of townsmen who know much of the subtleties of the law and the intricacies of finance, but who are actually proud of knowing nothing about the soil on which even townsmen depend for their living. A. P. Herbert, who as a real humourist is far the most serious of our legislators, did not hesitate to proclaim in his electoral address that he knew nothing at all about agriculture. In a more healthy State where dependence on the soil is recognised that admission would have ruled him out as a possible Member of Parliament, no matter how sane and popular his views might be on the question of divorce and river transport.

Our ancestors kidded themselves that they could be independent of Nature and the result has been an undeniable blasphemy—millions of acres of the most fertile land on the earth's surface are falling out of cultivation. There must be something fundamentally wrong with an order of things which depends on the suppression of Nature's generosity at home for the sake of dividends on foreign investments. If that is the meaning of Empire, Empire must be a lie. Yet our financial experts are agreed that there must be no excessive encouragement of home agriculture. If we produce too much food, how will the Dominions and foreign countries be able to pay for the money we have lent them? The only hope is that the threat of war may compel our Government to stimulate our home producers to a sufficient extent to enable the heart of the Empire not to be immediately starved out in the event of hostilities.

These reflections arise naturally from a study of the speech made by Mr. Morrison, Minister of Agriculture, in the House of Commons. It was, as *The Times'* correspondent pointed out, the first debate on general agricultural administration for some years and this remark implies a damning censure on the National Government. For there is no problem more vital to our existence. Mr. Morrison's qualified optimism has been generally approved, but it amounted to nothing beyond the burking of an awkward problem. Everyone knows that the health of the nation depends on the existence of a country population rooted in the soil. The fact that most of that population votes Conservative might have given them a claim to attention, but the best news that the Minister can give about them is that there has been a decline in their numbers. Mr. Lloyd George provided the statistics: our agricultural population has fallen from 12.5 per cent. in 1881 to 5.7 at the last census and during the last few years it has decreased by over 60,000.

The Government farming policy is mere camouflage. The grandiose schemes of Milk Boards and the like begin at the wrong end. Protection is needed to an extent that will increase the cost of living and push up wages, but even more important is the encouragement of the farmer himself and of co-operation based on small units. Government schemes end by handing over the producer to the tender mercies of a soulless

combine. In France agriculture found its salvation in the formation of local bodies of peasants and landowners who worked together for the common good. It is certainly no more difficult to persuade British farmers to combine than it was to convert the French peasants to co-operation. There are signs that such a movement is beginning to raise its head in this country and it may be that the farmer unaided will succeed where the authorities have failed.

ON STRAITWAISTCOATS

OUR late Prime Minister, as the head of the National Government, had his faults, but no one could on occasion so readily and so successfully assume the rôle of wise counsellor and sagacious statesman.

One of the occasions when he delivered himself of the wisdom that was in him was when he was discussing the subject of the Imperial Conference. Eloquently and earnestly he pleaded against the folly of putting our Imperial constitution into a straitwaistcoat; logic was no doubt an excellent thing and was not to be despised, but it was not logic that had built up or governed our constitutional practice. Therefore, he said in effect, let us not be too insistent upon removing anomalies that, after all, may serve their purpose in the gradual process of "trial and error" which is and has always been our British way.

The Baldwin homily was singularly opportune, for there were when he spoke and still are to-day many doughty champions of the straitwaistcoat philosophy. Not that they all by any means think alike. Some may consciously or unconsciously be influenced by what for a better name one might call parochial sentiment, the desire to limit Commonwealth encroachment on their own autonomous domain. Others are appalled by the apparent looseness of the Imperial tie, are desirous of strengthening it and of producing a greater Imperial solidarity and unity in various directions. And there are yet again others betwixt and between these two extremes: people who would like a little less vagueness in general ideals and more precise definition of aims and duties.

The diversity of viewpoint is, however, the measure of Baldwin wisdom, for no straitwaistcoat that can be devised by the wit of man will suffice for all the divergent purposes of "restraint" proposed or entertained. Better then to leave things as they are and let the constitution find its own remedies. The "patient," indeed, seems healthy enough so far as one is able to judge from the news that is being given out about the Imperial Conference proceedings. There appears to have been complete concord over all the major issues discussed, and the genial spirit of co-operation—blessed word—is expected to produce some notable "recommendations" which should materially strengthen the Imperial partnership and increase its influence as a peace-promoter in an unquiet world. For so much let us be thankful and not worry too much over the anomalies that our straitwaistcoat advocates may still discern.

ART TREASURES IN THE WEST

THOSE who appreciate the beauty of Old Masters will be pleased to have an assurance of the retention of so many pictures of quality in the Old Country. This is very emphatically given at an exhibition of pictures, silver, furniture and embroidery, which have been sent on loan to the Royal West of England Art Academy in Bristol until June 26th. A long period must have passed in the process of collecting so admirably chosen an exhibition, and the owners of large houses and valuable collections in the West are to be congratulated on the generosity of their loans, which must mean many bare spaces left on their walls at a time of much national hospitality. Possibly on this account the exhibition is open for so brief a period, and lovers of Art are advised to take the opportunity while it remains. There is so much of first quality to see in the half-dozen galleries of an Academy, which is one of the many Wills' memorials to be seen in Bristol. Some pictures have been exhibited before over long intervals; but others have never been on view, and an impromptu Gainsborough of the village boy with palette might have been described as a national discovery if it had not been seen at an exhibition nearly half a century ago. It is the story of a village boy employed by Gainsborough, when staying with his friend, Francis Newton, at Taunton, to grind his colours, and finding the boy, palette in hand, experimenting with paint on returning from a walk, Gainsborough was amused instead of being irate; told the boy to remain as he was, and idealised him in a small head and shoulders portrait, which has been sent by Captain Newton for the same Somerset town.

There is great continuity in so many of these pictures, and the village boy is still further enthroned in being centred on a wonderfully attractive wall with four Reynolds' portraits of the Heneage family sent from Coker Court—the Somerset home of the Heneage family of the present time. The subdued colouring of the flesh tints and soft blue dresses of three beautiful sisters, three-quarter length set in their original frames, help to make this group of exceptional quality. They are most attractive to the eye and still remain most pleasant to live with after the passage of many years. One cannot elaborate where so much is to be seen, except to praise the inspiration which has brought from Sherbourne Castle Gheeraert's famous royal procession of Elizabeth with her courtiers to Blackfriars, and at least four of the courtiers in separate portraiture, sent from the galleries of Badminton by the generosity of the Duke of Beaufort. This is an assembly group of first value; and Lord Methuen, to whose intense interest in the exhibition, both as an artist and as the owner of the great collection of old masters at Corsham, so much is due, has lent, among many portraits, the sombre one of Elizabeth, also by Gheeraerts, painted with death overlooking her left shoulder, as a sign that she was lamenting—alas!

too late—her commitment of the Earl of Essex to the block.

An assembly of still greater interest might have been possible if the National Gallery had been able to release two wings of a triptych, a Solario, the centre panel of whose work has been lent by the Duke of St. Albans. Solario was commissioned by the son of a British merchant who appears in adoration beside the Madonna and child.

Many of these pictures are placed above furniture of the same period, and many pieces of church and civic plate are shown, culled from the churches of four adjoining counties, and from ancient boroughs, whose history goes back 700 years.

THE TEAM

THE once wooded hillside was a tangle of fallen trees. Not long ago the proud beeches had reared their noble heads towards the sky and their foliage had shadowed all the long slope; but the woodcutters had been busy and the giants had been felled. Longways and crossways upon the hill they lay amidst the heaps of stacked brushwood. Their broken limbs protruded into the air as though imploring mercy and the air was filled with the clean smell of new-cut wood.

At the bottom of the hill two men were taking their frugal, mid-day meal. Tom Forwood the haulier and Jim Smith, his mate, had many days of hard work before them. Theirs was the task of dragging the trunks to the bottom of the hill so that they could be loaded on to the wagons. A difficult and a dangerous task it was, this shifting of trees on a hillside. But Tom was an expert at his job. He had been at it for years now, and so far he had never had an accident. But it did not do to grow too confident. One slip was enough to cost a man his life.

Tom rose and walked over to where two great cart-horses munched at their nose-bags in the shade of an elder-bush. Tom always tethered his horses by the elders for flies did not like the strong smell of the shrub. As he approached they lifted their heads and whickered at him. He slapped the gleaming flanks affectionately. Good horses they were, and no mistake. Had 'em now for ten years and they loved him as he loved them. They earned their keep, too, for they knew their job as well as he did. Aye, and more than that they would pull their good hearts out at his bidding, if need be.

He paused for a moment in thought as he mapped out the afternoon's work in his mind. There was a lot to be done and they had best be moving, for to-morrow the wagons would be here to carry away the trunks he and his team had brought down. He took off the nosebags and loosed the halters. The two great horses turned and followed him with a jangling of chains. Jim joined him and they moved up the littered slope.

For a long time they worked without a pause. Jim, readying the trunks for haulage and Tom and the team dragging them to the bottom of the hill. A ticklish job, this last, for if he erred by a fraction of an inch the logs would begin to roll of their own accord and then would come disaster. But the horses seemed to know as much about it as their

master as they moved ponderously yet delicately, heaving gently this way and that with scarcely a word of command.

The long day was drawing towards its close and both man and team were tired. One more hour and they would be bound for home. Tom felt a great satisfaction in the thought. A good day's work done and Mary waiting for him in his little cottage. He smiled to himself. But his musings were cut short by an urgent shout from above. "Tom, Tom, for God's sake, come quick."

Tom scrambled up the hillside to where his mate had been working. When he reached the spot he stopped aghast. Jim had been clearing a giant trunk and for once had been careless. Working beneath it, he had knocked away an underlying branch and before he could escape the tree had rolled and pinned him by a leg.

"Art thou hurt," gasped Tom.

"Nay, but I can't move, an' I'm feared her'll roll some more and if she do—"

He left the sentence unfinished, but both men knew what would happen if the tree rolled again.

"Get down to the village for help," cried Jim, and though he knew his peril, there was no tremor in his voice.

Tom's mind was working quickly. "Nay," he cried, "her can easy shift while I be gone. I'll shift un with me team."

"But ye can't. No 'hosses could shift this, pulling uphill."

Tom did not answer. He was halfway down the slope to where his two horses stood. Urgently he led them back to where Jim lay. Above that giant tree he led them and backed them so that he could adjust the clamps. He was sick with apprehension, for even while he had been gone the tree had shivered gently forward. One miscalculation on his part and Jim would be gone.

Slowly he led the horses forward until the chains were tight, then, "Yurt," he cried. The mighty shoulders drove forward into the collars. Heads down and great hooves straining into the ground the two good horses pulled together. This was a harder task than they had ever been set before, but it must be done for they loved their master as he loved them. The powerful muscles stood out on their shoulders as they heaved.

Slowly, inch by inch the log moved upwards. Tom watched with bated breath. Then, "'Tis clear," cried Jim. Now was the test. How long could the team stand that awful strain without their master at their heads to urge them on. For a moment Tom Forwood stood by them, whispering to the great wise heads. Then with a bound he was beside his mate. Right beneath that trunk he crouched and the two horses stood statue-still. Then with a heave he was away and Jim was with him. Swiftly Tom stepped forward and knocked away the clamps. For a second the tree remained poised then it leaped forward and crashed down the hillside and two men uttered a prayer of thankfulness.

And so, a little later, when the doctor's car had taken Jim back to the village, Tom Forwood walked slowly down the lane and behind him like two great dogs at heel plodded his team.

DAN RUSSELL.

Books of The Day

A TUDOR ENTERTAINER

RESEARCH for many years has been busy picking up scraps of information regarding that famous Tudor wit, dramatist, musician and "singing man," John Heywood, the husband of Sir Thomas More's niece and the grandfather of the poet, John Donne. But, as Professor R. de la Bère remarks in his introduction to a careful study of Heywood's reputed works ("John Heywood, Entertainer," Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), "for many reasons there still must be conjecture about the man, not least when his name can be rendered Haywoode, Heywoodde, Haywodde, Heyvode, Hayuodus, Hayward, Haiwodus, Haywod, Heywod, Heewood, Heewood and in many other ways, including A. Wod and A. Wode."

Of Heywood's early life very little is known; his birthplace is even disputed, though Professor Bère thinks it was probably London. Anthony à Wood, writing in the seventeenth century, spoke of Heywood going to Oxford. "He laid," he said, "a foundation of learning in this University and particularly, as it seems, in that ancient hostel called Broadgates (Pembroke College) in St. Aldgate's Parish. But the crabbedness of Logic not suiting with his airie genie, he retired to his native place and became noted to all witty men, especially to Sir Thomas More, with whom he was very familiar, wrot several matters of poetry and was the first, as some say (but I think it false), that wrot English plays, taking opportunity thence to make notable work with the clergy." Professor Bère, while unable to produce any definite evidence in support of Heywood's University career, is inclined to believe that he may have gone to Oxford. He does not, however, agree with Dr. J. S. Farmer that Heywood's status at Court was "superior and more assured than is generally supposed." Rather he holds that at first Heywood "was in the genealogy of the jesters and minstrels, and, though he was superior to his pedigree, it seems impossible to grant him a very high caste. . . . I should say that he was a favourite with Henry VIII mainly as a musician with a good voice and a broad sense of humour. But I think it not unlikely that as his genius and versatility began to flower in his proverbs, epigrams, poems and plays, his social position improved gradually from that of a Court servant to that of a gentleman who had achieved a final position by his mature talents and their financial success."

Heywood's Roman Catholicism brought him into some danger in the later years of Henry VIII, but he appears to have been in great favour under Mary, whom he is reported to have helped to amuse even on her death-bed. His religion naturally made him suspect under Elizabeth, and he left England to go into exile in the Netherlands in 1564. Professor Bère's main interest is more with Heywood's work than with his life and career. Accordingly, he gives his reader a thorough analysis of the six plays and other pieces attributed to Heywood, demonstrating the internal evidence

that goes to prove his authorship. Finally, the full text of four of these plays are reproduced in order to give the reader an opportunity of studying some at least of Heywood's work in its entirety and of appreciating what a Tudor audience "could endure and perhaps could endure with pleasure."

Heywood's dramatic work, taken at its climax, is, Professor Bère insists, "an entire novelty." "These plays are not Miracle plays, and with two exceptions they are not Morality plays. Even in the plays which most correspond with the Morality the characters are not abstractions but human beings. Heywood drove the Church, the Priest and the Bible off the stage. He restored the straightforward native humour of Chaucer, including that coarse humour which is one of the sincerest and most laughable things in life. He then went on to present a familiar domestic scene which is the basis of comedy to-day. He must be accorded a high place in the annals of the English stage."

SOCIAL OWNERSHIP AND CONTROL

The great majority of the public have probably only the haziest ideas about the origin and organisation of the many public Boards that in one way or another affect their interests and their lives. The rapid growth of so many different forms of public enterprise in the last twenty or thirty years is indeed a phenomenon that deserves to receive close attention if only because public ignorance about it may allow the zeal for co-ordinated effort and economic planning to take in the near future certain undesirable directions. For this reason one may welcome a critical study, full of suggestive comment, of all existing forms of public enterprise, even if one may not agree with all the conclusions reached by the contributors to this symposium ("Public Enterprise: Developments in Social Ownership and Control in Great Britain," Edited by William A. Robson, Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.). In this book the various contributors examine and consider the organisation and work of the Port of London Authority, the Forestry Commission, the B.B.C., the Central Electricity Board, the London Transport Board, the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission, the Agricultural Marketing Boards, the Post Office and the Co-operative Movement. The authors are generally in favour of public enterprise and would like to see it extended, and their criticism is of a constructive character. One tendency that is deprecated is that of some of the Boards to become almost wholly autonomous, without adequate safeguards to protect the interests of the public. Dr. Robson suggests the appointment of a new body to act as link between the Boards, Parliament and the general public—an Audit Commission which would consist of specialists and which would prepare annual reports for submission to Parliament.

THE ALCAZAR SIEGE

We have had one account of the siege of the Alcazar in a recent book by an American journalist. Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss (Geoffrey Moss) gives us another and a far more detailed one as the result of his talks with survivors and his use

of a diary kept by one of the officers within the fort ("The Epic of the Alcazar," Rich & Cowan, 9s.). Major McNeill-Moss knew Toledo before the siege, and he inspected the ruins of the Alcazar directly after the garrison had been relieved. His account may thus be said to be a thoroughly reliable one, compiled as it is by a soldier and setting out as it does without exaggeration but with due emphasis all the varying incidents in the long-drawn-out struggle. One shares in the day-to-day developments: the periods of hopeless despair followed by those of fresh confidence and new hope. Then comes the unexpected, as when a Nationalist aeroplane succeeded in dropping a trunk of chocolates and other sweets for the children. So the story goes on to the great disaster of September 18, when a third of the Alcazar was blown up by the explosion of underground mines, and finally, nine days later, to the arrival of the relieving column and the end of the siege. The gallant stand of the Alcazar garrison will go down to history as one of the most heroic defences that have ever been put up by a besieged force, and Posterity will owe a debt of gratitude to Major McNeill-Moss for the pains he has taken in putting on record a precise, detailed and trustworthy narrative of this seventy days' siege.

IRISH BEAUTIES

In "The Face of Ireland" (Batsford, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Michael Floyd performs the feat of adding an original book to the immense literature concerned with "the unhappy paradise." His book deals entirely with the outward appearance, the scenery of Ireland. The text is readable and informed, a guide-book without a suggestion of the style, at once staccato and ecstatic, generally associated with the *genus*. The photographs are extremely good and well-chosen, and a frontispiece in colour of one of Mr. Paul Henry's well-known drawings of Achill is a delight. Mr. Floyd takes us all round the coast, with occasional excursions inland, omitting nothing—not even the north and west coasts of Mayo. These are generally ignored in descriptions of Ireland, not from any lack of beauty or interest, but because of their inaccessibility. Blacksod, from which the finest views of Achill may be obtained, is 56 miles from a railway, with none too good a road. But Synge knew this district well—witness *The Playboy of the Western World*—and he used to say that except for the introduction of oil and tobacco the life of the people of western Mayo had not changed since the Middle Ages.

Mr. Floyd's admirable book should send many holiday-makers to Ireland this year to test his promises, and many arm-chair travellers to renew their memories.

TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS

No story of film-making that one has come across has been quite so fascinating to read as that which Mrs. Frances Hubbard Flaherty tells—with a wealth of photographic illustration—about the making of the film based on Kipling's tale, "Toomai of the Elephants" ("Elephant Dance," with 64 photographs, Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.). Here we are introduced to the actual "Peterson Sahib"—Captain Fremlin, retired army officer and

coffee planter; to the real Toomai—little Sabu of the Mysore State elephant stables; and Iriwatha or Kala Nag, his mount and friend. We read the story just as Mrs. Flaherty originally wrote it in a series of letters to her daughters in England, and there is a refreshing charm about it that is irresistible. Thrills, too, are by no means lacking, as when Irawatha suddenly goes *musth* and the Jemadar of elephants quietly intervenes with a little stick in his hands to push the mad elephant back from attacking another tusker. Irawatha's period of *musth* was even made use of to take pictures of him in his "painful, uneasy state," for this, as Mrs. Flaherty explains, was "just as we want him to look in the story when he is 'grieving for his master'!" As for Sabu, we are told "his mother died when he was a baby. His father taught his elephant to rock the baby's cradle—to rock the baby himself in his trunk. It is even said that a wild elephant came out of the forest and played with the child!"

RACING REMINISCENCES

Captain Eric Rickman ("Robin Goodfellow" of the *Daily Mail*) is one of the best known of newspaper racing correspondents and a recognised authority on all matters relating to the Turf. His book, "On and Off the Racecourse" (with an introduction by Lord Derby, Routledge, illustrated, 12s. 6d.), is full of useful and entertaining information on a variety of subjects likely to appeal to all interested in "the sport of Kings." He advances no particular theories about breeding, but has something to tell his readers about "The Best Horses of Modern Times." As an example of the romantic part played by trainers in racing, he gives us the story of one of the most famous of them, Mr. Frank Butters. Others of his chapters are devoted to the costs of owning racehorses, and to "Big Coups," "Great Backers," the Racing Journalist's work, the methods of bookmakers and professional backers, Tattersalls and Race Gangs.

On the question whether the racing standard of to-day is below that of the past, Captain Rickman sums up the position by saying that competition is keener and races are run, as a rule, in much faster time than in the nineteenth century. "There is evidence," he says, "that the British thoroughbreds of the present day are, on the whole, speedier over what are generally regarded as fair racing distances than were their predecessors. . . . Many say that the thoroughbred of to-day is not as robust and is more highly strung than were his ancestors. If it is true that he is more liable to break down or develop some other weakness, and that a large proportion of racehorses fail temperamentally to stand the racket of training or racing, the chief explanation seems to be that the strain is greater than it was before Tod Sloan and other jockeys from the United States came to this country and, by speeding up the pace of races from the very start, set an example which had a revolutionary and permanent effect on English race-riding."

NEW NOVELS

Occasionally one comes across a novel that immediately strikes one, on its very first page, as something wholly different from any other work of fiction that one has read and that completely

establishes the claim to distinctive rarity by the time one reaches its end. "The Outward Room," by Millen Brand (Cassell) is just that kind of book, and one is not in the least surprised to learn that it has already had a phenomenally large sale in the United States. It tells of a woman's escape from a mental hospital, where her soul has long been imprisoned and has "died," and of her mind's gradual awakening, after much torturing anxiety, to complete sanity, under the influence of the selfless love and devotion that grows up between her and the man whose life she has come to share. It is realism that is deeply moving and saved from horror by the touch of romance.

Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour, in "The Happier Eden" (Heinemann), has piled Pelion on Ossa in her lavish creation of incident, but, while another less skilful author might find it quite impossible to keep his story going amid such an embarrassment of riches, Mrs. Seymour experiences no difficulty at all in threading her way through all the complications her lively imagination presents to her and her characters. The result is a sparkling story with plenty of movement in it and a large cast of clearly delineated characters, among them the philandering blackmailer, the villain of the piece.

The historical novel sometimes suffers by having in it too much history and too little imagination. Mr. C. E. Lawrence has obviously made a close study of the reign of Richard III, and if he gives his own interpretation to some of the conflicting historical evidence in his novel, "The Gods Were Sleeping" (John Murray), and is also at some pains to reproduce the correct mediæval background to his tale, he does let the novelist rather than the historian in him take charge of the story. And an excellent tale it is, all the more readable because of its picturesque historical setting.

"Sunset at Noon," by Ruth Feiner (Harrap), is, one is inclined to think, a better book than its best-seller predecessors, "Fires in May" and "Cat Across the Path." There is more to it, as our American cousins would say, in plot, in characterisation and in the finer qualities of style. A book, in short, that should enhance this writer's already great reputation. The theme is a woman's struggle to vindicate her sex's right to independence and equality with man and her ultimate recognition of the need of love.

Mr. Frank Lushington continues his delightful country saga in "Pennybridge" (Faber & Faber), where the "Pigeon-Hoo" environment is enlarged to include a wider stretch of countryside and many new personalities. The story is carried on in its author's whimsical, charming way, without any bother about plot which, the reader soon realises, once he has come under Mr. Lushington's hypnotic spell, would be a wholly unnecessary handicap to his author's delicious discursiveness on such topics as the hired man's dominion over the garden or modern estate planning.

Among American humorists Mr. Eric Hatch holds a deservedly high place, and readers of that most amusing story, "My Man Godfrey," will welcome the opportunity of further entertainment by this clever artist in laughter-producing extravaganza. This opportunity is afforded by the publication of "The Hatch Way" (Arthur

Barker)—"a rapid-transit omnibus" containing three of Mr. Hatch's best full-length novels: "Five Days," "Spendthrift" and "A Couple of Quick Ones."

Miss Margery Allingham is among the ablest of our crime fiction writers, and that is because she has her own original subtle manner of interesting her readers in her characters and their actions and because she has a great deal more to offer than the mere excitement of following up a variety of clues. Her latest book, "Dancers in Mourning" (Heinemann), is a good example of her quietly effective manner of introducing her characters and preparing us for something untoward happening. We meet the "dancers" first at a performance at the theatre and then in the principal dancer's country home; we hear of strange things happening that are upsetting the nerves of the company, and begin to share in the atmosphere of suspense. Then, when we seem to know a good deal about each member of the company, the first death occurs. This is followed—*sed longo intervallo*—by another. And by this time we are well in the throes of mystery. In brief, this is Miss Allingham at her best: a tale that any reader, crime fiction fan or not, would be hard to please if he does not find it thoroughly enjoyable.

"The Nudist Murder," by Traill Stevenson (Herbert Jenkins), is not the bizarre tale that its title might suggest, and the author deals very kindly with his Nudist colony near where the murder occurs. He tells his story convincingly and well and without resort to anything improbable for the final solution of a mystery that grows more bewildering as the story proceeds.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

"The Philosophical Bases of Theism," by G. Dawes Hicks (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d.); "Present Day Morocco," by O. H. Warne (with 16 illustrations and road map in colour, Allen & Unwin, 5s. 6d.); "Germany: The Last Four Years," by "Germanicus" (with introduction by Sir Walter Layton, Eyre & Spottiswoode, 5s. 8d.); "Running the Gauntlet: Memoirs of Adventure," by George Mossop (Nelson, 8s. 6d.); "The Yachtsman's England," by Frank Carr (Seeley Service, illustrated, 8s. 6d.). Novel:—"Lucifer in Pine Lake," by Samuel Rogers (Hurst & Blackett).

PUBLISHERS' PLANS

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will be publishing early next month Mr. F. S. Smythe's story of his personal experiences in the 1933 Mount Everest Expedition under the title "Camp Six."

Messrs. Harrap announce for July 2 the publication of "Triumphant Pilgrimage," by Mr. Owen Rutter. This tells the story of an Englishman, converted to Mohamedanism, who made a journey from Sarawak to Mecca and also visited Mohamed's tomb at Medina.

Before the civil war in Spain broke out an English journalist and his wife migrated to Spain and set up as hotel proprietors in a small Catalan town. Their experiences are narrated by the wife (Mrs. Johnstone) in a book to be published by Messrs. Faber & Faber on July 1. This will be called "Hotel in Spain."

Round the Empire

AUSTRALIA NEEDS OIL

NO responsible Minister of a Dominions Government has shown more interest in methods of producing synthetic oil than has Mr. Dunstan, Premier of Victoria, on his recent visit to the Continent and the United Kingdom. His pre-occupation with the subject is an encouraging sign of the awakening of the Australian official mind to the importance of seeking national self-sufficiency in the matter of oil supplies. Nor is the awakening premature. Oil would be an important ally of any country in a war fought under modern conditions, for there have been enormous developments in the exploitation of oil-driven machines since the Great War. To Australia, perhaps more than to most countries, the security of supply would be vital. The defence policy of the Lyons Government is to concentrate on the development and expansion of an air force, which is deemed to offer the most efficient and economic form of protection to a large thinly-populated territory. Assuming that nothing intervenes to prevent Australia from multiplying her air squadrons, her need for access to large oil supplies in time of emergency is too obvious to require emphasis.

At present, the Commonwealth Government is spending money on the organisation of survey parties to seek the underground reservoirs of oil which many geologists are certain exist in Australia. However, little success has yet been achieved in the quest. True, oil has been found, but the discovery represents an encouragement to the searchers rather than a practical contribution to the solution of the main problem. In the circumstances, Australia would be wise to leave nothing undone to give herself at least a measure of independence of the existing main sources of supply in the United States, Venezuela, Mexico, Russia, Iran and Irak. Continental countries are pushing on with experiments for the production of synthetic oil, but excessive cost remains a formidable obstacle to the exploitation of these methods on a commercial scale. Australia might well consider the advisability of making a special allotment to enable her scientists to work in collaboration with researchers in other countries with a view to cheapening these costs and placing synthetic oil production on a practical basis. Perhaps Mr. Dunstan will be able to influence the Federal leaders to this end.

NEW ZEALAND'S AIR POLICY

There can be no denying the warmth of the reception accorded by New Zealand to the emissaries of Pan-American Airways. Probably a majority of people in the United Kingdom are somewhat surprised, even a little dismayed, by this evidence of a Dominion's enthusiasm for a foreign air enterprise which will shortly compete with a British air enterprise across the Pacific. This feeling is liable to be stiffened since Pan-American Airways will provide the first Pacific link, with New Zealand as one terminal, thus seizing prestige

which might, in other circumstances, have belonged to the Empire. However, it is well for those who consider that New Zealand does not show in a very favourable light in this matter to study all the facts before entering upon criticism of the Dominion's part in the development of the Pan-American scheme.

The Pan-American offer to New Zealand was made when Imperial Airways did not plan an early extension of their service past Sydney. The temptation to New Zealand was irresistible. She saw herself, an important part of the Empire, losing commercial opportunities in the outside world because she was not linked with it by a fast modern air service. The reaction of New Zealanders had such an offer been rejected on idealistic grounds may be envisaged without the exercise of much imagination. Even in New Zealand, there is some regret that the Pacific link will be inaugurated by an American company. Nevertheless, New Zealanders feel that the air authorities in Australia and the United Kingdom are chiefly to blame for having allowed Pan-American Airways to steal a march on them. In fact, in some quarters an impression persists that Imperial Airways are still more concerned with the development of the Southampton-Sydney service than the extension to New Zealand. Those who are disposed to feel aggrieved at New Zealand's acceptance of the American offer should temper their criticism with the recollection that none of the Dominions, in war or peace, has shown more sincere loyalty to the Mother Country. New Zealand acted under the pressure of her need for

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modern communication with the outside world, but she has surrendered none of her allegiance to the Empire ideal by doing so.

CANADA'S FOREST WEALTH

They have a pleasant way of using the radio in Canada to establish more intimate relations between the Ministers of the Crown and the public whom they serve. At various times throughout the year Cabinet Ministers broadcast and tell listeners what their Department does to help them. Recently the Hon. T. A. Crerar gave a series of talks about his Department of Natural Resources, touching on many subjects from the value of the alleged Barren Lands to the work carried on in the lumber camps. Recently, too, another official told Canadians, through the help of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, exactly what Canada's forest wealth amounted to. Last year it ran to something under £10,000,000. The timber produced in the erection of the Coronation stands, incidentally, was nearly all from British Columbia. The latest estimate places Canada's forest resources at 274,000,000,000 cubic feet of standing timber. The cut of standing timber for the year ran to something over 2,000,000,000 cubic feet. To counteract this depletion—which is accelerated by fire and fungus, the Dominion has, with the Provincial Forest Services, worked out schemes for re-forestation of the lands in easily accessible spots. There are now something like 600,000 square miles of timber in a growing condition.

FIRST SCOUT FLEET

One of the first Boy Scout Fleets in the world has taken to the waters of Lake Ontario in Canada. It consists of 4 schooners, equipped with motor auxiliaries, as well as a number of other smaller craft. The whole Fleet will assemble at the Canadian National Exhibition this year and constitute one of the features of this famous institution. Speaking of Canadian scouting, one wonders if anywhere in the world there is the equal of Nova Scotia's record of eight members of a troop in one family. Pater familias is the Scout Master, and his six sons and a son-in-law serve under him. Two sons are patrol leaders, two are Rover Scouts, one is a troop leader, and the youngest is a wolf-cub.

RHODESIA WANTS SETTLERS

Southern Rhodesia needs more white settlers. The Hon. G. M. Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, admitted this fact while addressing the Rhodesian Group meeting of the Overseas League recently. "The want," he said, "is not confined to Southern Rhodesia, but is also true in the case of other countries where, in a way, it was much easier to import a white population." The class of people who could settle in Rhodesia with advantage to themselves were pensioners, he continued. Every kind of sport was available, from big game hunting to golf. A settler would find it just as cheap as living in a country or seaside town in England.

Evidence of the progress that had been made in the Colony was to be seen in the solid blocks of

residential property being erected, good roads, sewage, electric supply and other amenities. Mr. Huggins desired particularly to convey to tourists and intending visitors the facilities offered in the Colony. Speaking of the natives, Mr. Huggins said that it was absolutely essential that the native should be guided into the right channels. The white man could create no position for himself in Africa by keeping the native back.

IN MEMORY OF PIONEERS

A brass plaque has been unveiled in Bulawayo by Sir Herbert Stanley, Governor of Southern Rhodesia, in memory of the Rev. Robert Moffat and the Rev. John Smith Moffat. The inscription on the plaque tells the story. It reads:

EARLY PIONEERS.

To keep in memory the name and deeds of
THE REV. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D.

who was born at Ormiston near Edinburgh on the 21st December, 1795, and who sailed for South Africa as a Missionary in 1816. He founded the settlement of Kuruman and translated the Bible into Sechuana. He visited Mzilikazi, the founder of the Matabele nation, in 1854 and again in 1857 and 1859. He had great influence with this native king, who held him in much respect. He died at Home on the 8th August, 1883, at the age of 88.

Also of

THE REV. JOHN SMITH MOFFAT,

a son of the above, who was born at Kuruman on the 10th March, 1835. He came up with his father to Matabeleland in 1859 and with the Rev. T. M. Thomas and the Rev. William Sykes, founded the Mission Station at Inyati. In 1879 he resigned from missionary work and entered the service of the British Government, and in 1887 became British Representative at the Court of Lobengula, the successor of Mzilikazi, King of the Matabele at the Royal Kraal, Bulawayo. He did valuable service in connection with the occupation and settlement of this country. His death took place at the Cape on the 25th December, 1918.

Sir Herbert Stanley, unveiling the memorial, said, "It is a remarkable thing that the Moffat family has been linked up with our history for four generations. First Robert Moffat came out to South Africa 120 years ago. Then came John Smith Moffat, and the services he rendered will be remembered by many of us. A member of the third generation was a former Premier of this Colony. And now, in the fourth generation, the great-grandson, Mr. Tredgold, is Minister of Justice and Defence in the present Government. It is remarkable that four generations were so closely associated with the history of this country, and when we honour the memories of Robert Moffat and John Smith Moffat, we are not oblivious to the services which their descendants have rendered."

IDEAL COUNTRY FOR TOURISTS

An English motorist, Mr. F. St. X. Gwynne, who has travelled extensively in Europe and Africa and who is a member of motoring clubs in fourteen countries, thinks Southern Rhodesia is an

ideal country for tourists. On a recent visit, his second to the Colony, he said in an interview, "It is more than a possibility that in the near future people from Home (Great Britain) will be coming out to this country with their cars to do a three or four months' motoring tour. It is an ideal tourists' country."

EMPIRE AIR TRANSPORT

A new page in Empire air transport history was turned on June 2nd, when the Imperial Airways flying-boat *Canopus* left Southampton to inaugurate the first marine air service, for passengers and mails, to fly through in stages between Southampton and Durban, South Africa.

The flying-boat services will now leave England for South Africa every Wednesday and Saturday; while services in the reverse direction will leave Durban for Southampton every Thursday and Sunday. It is six years now since the first Central Africa sections of the London-Cape Town air-mail were opened for regular traffic; while it is just over five years since, in April, 1932, an air-liner left Croydon on the first through flight between London and Cape Town. Rapid developments followed after that. Loads increased—particularly in regard to mails. Time schedules were accelerated. Wireless communications were improved. The ground organisation was amplified. By December, 1934, it was found possible to increase the previous once-weekly flights to a twice-weekly service in each direction between London and Cape Town.

Then—as yet another milestone in air history—came the scheme to which final touches are now being put, and by which first-class letter-mails are to be air-borne without any form of flying surcharge throughout the Empire. And an essential feature of this great project—the biggest undertaken so far in commercial aviation—is the new marine air route between England and South Africa.

Delivery has just been effected to Imperial Airways of the flying-boat *Centurion*, the fourteenth aircraft of the "C" class for use on marine Empire air routes. This means that half of the fleet of 28 Empire flying-boats of the "C" type have now been delivered to the Company since the appearance of the first of the new class, *Canopus*, towards the end of last October.

The India Meteorological Department has now installed at various stations an equipment of observation balloons and other apparatus for ascertaining visibility and cloud-height at night. This equipment will come into operation when aircraft, carrying all first-class mails without surcharge under the new Empire scheme, are operating by night as well as day across India.

CANADA TO SHANGHAI BY AIR

The Canadian Postmaster-General has awarded an air mail contract from Edmonton to the Yukon to an Air Transport Company as the first link in an aerial North-West service between Canada and the Orient. As one official puts it, "the contract puts the Prairies on the air cross roads of the world

and indicates a possible All Red Air Route across the Atlantic, across Canada, and thence by the Arctic to Japan and China."

The service is due to open about July 5th, the route lying via Fort Nelson and through the Liard Pass, where an altitude of not more than four thousand feet is necessary at any time. The distance involved is eleven hundred miles and will, it is estimated, be covered in eleven hours. At Whitehorse, Yukon terminal, the service will link up with a Pan-American line operating to Alaska. From there it will be feasible to develop what is called "The Great Circle" line to Shanghai. From the Prairie terminal of the new service one line will run south to Chicago, while others will link with the projected trans-Canada Air Service between Vancouver and Montreal, which in turn will be brought within touching distance of London by the Trans-Atlantic Air Service. Efficient operation over the Trans-Atlantic and Trans-Canada route would bring Shanghai—at any rate on paper—within eighty-four hours of London. This, however, does not take into account the fact that travelling from East to West machines save several hours.

CANADA'S AIR SURVEYS

This has been, and will continue to be, an active year in Canada in the matter of air surveys. One of the pioneers in this type of exploration—the Dominion's flyers have already photographed well over 700,000 square miles, the "albums" being made available in the larger centres of population to all *bona fide* inquirers. Engineers, prospectors and geologists have, by examining these pictures with expert eye, been able to assess the potentialities of areas which, had they to explore them personally, would have taken weeks, or even months, to cover.

Particularly important has been the photographic work on the forest reserves in the Dominion. Of late years Canada has been paying more and more attention to the conservation of her timber resources, has developed fire-fighting into a fine art, has dusted with insecticide many hundreds of square miles from the air, and has made excellent headway in a forest inventory which, when completed, will cover one-and-a-quarter million square miles. From a 'plane travelling at ninety miles an hour anything up to 700 square miles can be photographed each hour by what is known as the oblique photography, and 200 square miles by vertical photography. The countless lakes centred throughout most of the forest reserves provide landing places and make for safety for 'planes equipped with pontoons in the summer and skis in the winter.

Not only does air photography save infinite time and energy: it also provides much greater detail than can be secured through even quite intensive land surveys. The camera cannot lie, and there is not a kink in the streams or shorelands that is not accurately presented.

INDIA'S COAL SUPPLIES

Extensive control over methods of mining and a cession on coal dispatches are among the far-reaching

recommendations made in the report just published of the Coal Mining Committee appointed by the Government of India in October, 1936, to examine India's resources of coal, the need for conservation, new regulations for safety and other matters. The report states that India now has only enough reserves of all good quality coal to last 122 years, while the reserves of coking coal are only adequate for 62 years. The life of the reserves of all good quality coal in Jharia is placed at 81 years and of coking coal at 57 years. On the other hand, the reserves of coal of inferior quality are practically unlimited.

"As regards coal of good quality," the Committee say, "avoidable waste was established in 1920, but this waste was not considered serious enough to justify Government interference and control in the interests of conservation, because the available figures of reserves were admittedly largely guess-work, while the leading Indian authorities did not agree even as regards those figures. Since then, a comprehensive survey of the Indian coalfields has been made by the Geological Survey Department between 1925 and 1929, and the Government of India has stated that this survey has removed all reasonable doubt regarding the importance of conserving the coal assets of the country, particularly in the higher grades."

After quoting the figures given above for the reserves of good quality coal remaining in India,

the report emphasises that these figures are calculated to arouse serious apprehension and to justify strong measures of conservation in the national interests. Other systems of conservation are discussed, but the conclusion is reached that sand-stowing is the best and should be enforced in the interest of the community as a whole. The Committee point out the serious character of the situation created by the dependence of the industry—a dependence which will increase steadily—on "de-pillaring" for securing coal supplies. When galleries are driven through the exceptionally thick seams that characterise India's coalfields, blocks of coal are left to act as supports for the roof. Where mining methods have been sound and these "pillars" are of adequate size, the subsequent extraction of the "pillars," known as "de-pillaring," involves normal collapses of the roof.

But the Committee think that "there can be no doubt that the danger of premature collapse actually exists in most of the mines in which coal is standing in pillars." Such collapses lead to underground and surface accidents, explosions and fires, and may cause great waste of coal. They accordingly propose that the Statutory Authority should be entrusted with the control of the removal of these pillars. Sand-stowing, under this direction, will, they consider, enable all these pillars to be extracted with safety, and vast amounts of coal to be saved.

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Letters to the Editor

BUDGET SECRECY

Sir,—The N.D.C., our present Prime Minister's unfortunate offspring, has died of the chilly blasts of criticism levelled at it from all directions; and there do not appear to be any mourners.

The Parliamentary debates have made it clear that practically the whole of the Cabinet was in ignorance about the measure's very existence within less than twenty-four hours of the presentation of the Budget. In other words, the praiseworthy effort to avoid the slightest suspicion of premature Budget disclosures resulted in the adoption of a wholly unconstitutional experiment. Joint Cabinet responsibility has long been regarded as an essential principal of our unwritten constitution, and that can only mean that every important Government measure and every pronouncement of Government policy ought to be the result of careful deliberation and decision by the Cabinet as a body. The Budget must necessarily be the most important of all Government business, for on its provisions depend the nation's taxation and finances for the ensuing year. The Chancellor, of course, has the special responsibility of framing it, but it is hardly fair to his colleagues, to Parliament or to himself that he should feel himself compelled to avoid consulting the Cabinet as a whole about his proposals till a few hours before he makes his statement in the House.

Let us hope that the ill fate of the N.D.C. will teach the lesson that the old procedure was the true way of wisdom. After all, in the last fifty years, how many Budget secrets can be said to have leaked out before the presentation of the Chancellor's statement? C. J. HARROWAY.

Richmond.

THESE AIR CRASHES

Sir,—The large number of R.A.F. accidents both during the Empire Day celebrations and over the last week-end must have provoked a good deal of speculation and uneasiness in the public mind.

Are they to be attributed to the hasty improvisation of a larger Air Force, to ill-conditioned machines or insufficient training of pilots, or what?

Surely the matter calls for both official inquiry and explanation. These constantly recurring accidents certainly are no great encouragement to parents to allow their sons to join the R.A.F.

Guildford.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

WHY NOT AN INDIRECT TAX?

Sir,—Now that some alternative has to be found for the direct tax on profits in the National Defence Contribution, an indirect tax might sound better after all, if it was levied on imports of "factory food," which employs labour abroad instead of at home.

The burden of taxation would also be more equally distributed, since any tax on profits is also a tax on that credit, which now advances so much of the wages that are required to prevent unemployment.

Equipment for war and preparations of such a nature will never be any substitute for the provision of actual man power, and as several by-elections are now pending it might perhaps be possible to have the new writs for election opposed and actual divisions taken on them in Parliament, until such constituencies had enrolled some percentage of their population, not only for military service, but also for munitions.

JOHN H. BURTON.

Newtown Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

PLIGHT OF THE WORKLESS

Sir,—According to the "Public Assistance Journal" of May 21st, 1937, several unemployed men who had been admitted to the Gateshead Institution after having attempted suicide and about to be discharged, "had requested to be allowed to remain in the Institution as they were afraid the same thing might happen after they were discharged."

All will probably end their days in mental hospitals. How long can anyone, hopelessly distressed by unemployment, remain sane on the present relief? Workless at 65 and forced to exist in an attic on 4s. weekly (poor relief) for food, my dietary to-day is bread 2d., sardines 4½d., and water.

A. E. MINTON.

P.S.—Mr. J. Ritson, M.P., chairman of Sunderland Mental Hospital, recently said (*Sunday Pictorial*, Mar. 7): "Local authorities in every county cannot build mental hospitals fast enough. Those in existence are already overcrowded."

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MACMILLAN

Your Investments

WHY MARKETS WEAKENED

THE investor is no doubt wondering why, though the Prime Minister has announced the abandonment of the National Defence Contribution proposals, Stock Markets have been so weak, with almost daily declines in prices, not only of the speculative shares, but also of investment stocks. It has already been pointed out in these columns that the major causes of Stock Market depression were N.D.C., and fears of a reduction in the currency value of gold. The first has been removed, but the second cause became more potent than ever, though the scare has now temporarily abated. At first sight, the ordinary investor may regard the gold question as rather beyond his ken and as of academic interest only, but, as it is depressing the prices of his stocks and shares at the moment, he should take a practical interest in it.

The present price of gold is just over £7 per ounce, and this price is dependent upon America's obligation to buy any gold offered at the fixed price of \$35 per ounce. But U.S.A. does not want any more gold, as she already possesses about £2,000,000,000 of the metal and cannot put it to use as the basis for credit for fear of a tremendous rise in prices of commodities. Recently rumours have been put about that America will reduce her buying price for gold. These reports have been denied, and indeed it seems impossible that America could make the dollar dearer again in view of the harm which would be done to her export trade and to the revival of prosperity in the States. But the rumours have thoroughly frightened Continental holders of "funk money" in the form of gold, and this has resulted in the sale of some £20,000,000 of the metal in the past two or three weeks in London at prices several pence below the fixed American price.

EFFECT ON SECURITIES

This naturally caused extreme weakness in gold-mining shares and consequent realisations in other sections to pay for losses on mining shares. But its effect was far more important than mere weakness of speculative shares, for it has caused buyers to wait for lower prices for commodities generally, and the recovery which in this country and abroad had set in has been temporarily checked—a check which may be reflected in increased unemployment through a holding-up of enterprise and development. Actual stabilisation of the sterling-dollar rate at around its present level is the only step which can fully allay fears of sharp deflation, and even then the huge gold reserves of the U.S.A. must be allowed gradually to operate as a basis for credit expansion. But there seems but poor prospect of immediate Anglo-American agreement on this question, though doubtless the two nations are co-operating to some extent on the question of gold purchases which have lately been made for large amounts by the Bank of England. The long view for investors must undoubtedly be for higher prices for industrial and commodity shares, but the immediate future is so fraught with uncertainty

as to what form official action will take that one can visualise only a gradual return of confidence.

PRICES NEAR THE BOTTOM

The investor who wishes to make money must always be prepared to take a view and to adhere to his convictions. The present time, when those in close touch with markets are idly pessimistic, offers a chance to the investor with courage to put his convictions to the test—the only question is, whether prices now are sufficiently near to the bottom for him to step in. Actually, one feels that recovery is going to be very slow, so that there is no immediate rush to secure lowest prices, but those who buy now ordinary shares in the iron and steel or shipping groups, or commodity shares such as Tin and Copper Mines, will not be far amiss. Rubber shares, too, have received a setback unjustified even by the lower price for the commodity, for at present selling prices for Rubber the bulk of the plantation companies can make very substantial profits indeed.

In the Iron and Steel list, Baldwins and Vickers at around 10s. and 29s. 3d. respectively look attractive. Among Tins, Siamese or Pahang, both at around 26s. 6d. xd., give big yields and appear likely to appreciate in price. Of the Copper shares, Rhodesian Anglo-American at 32s. 6d. look as promising as any; and of Shipping shares, one fancies Clan Line at £9 or John I. Jacobs at 29s., though practically any of the leading shares will prove profitable. Coast Lines, however, have been a disappointing exception.

DISTILLERS' OFFER FOR BOOTH'S

The negotiations recently mentioned by the directors of Booth's Distilleries Ltd. in a circular to stockholders have now come to a head, and an offer is made by Distillers Company, the Scottish distillery combine, for the 6½ per cent. cumulative preferred ordinary stock and the ordinary stock of Booth's, on the cash basis of 28s. 6d. per preferred stock unit of £1 and 50s. per £1 of ordinary stock. The ordinary stock will retain the right to a dividend for the past year not exceeding 8 per cent. The market prices for these stocks were respectively 48s. 3d. and 27s. at the time of the offer, so that it may be regarded as a favourable one for stockholders of Booth's Distilleries.

EVER READY COMPANY

Mr. Magnus Goodfellow, Chairman of the Ever Ready Company, gave every hope at the meeting of the company last week that the dividend would be maintained at 45 per cent. on the increased capital. In view of the company's good record, the 5s. units at 32s. look cheap, the yield being over 7 per cent.

TELEPHONE RENTALS

Net profits of Telephone Rentals Ltd., whose dividend for the past year is 10 per cent., against 8½ per cent. for 1935-36, amounted to £108,253 for the year ended May 31, 1937, against £93,594 for the previous year. The transfer to reserve is doubled at £20,000, and to meet the expansion of the operating companies engaged in installation of private 'phone systems shareholders are to be offered new capital on terms to be announced later.



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| | | | |
|---|-----|-----|----------|
| Net Trading Profit for year to 31st March, 1937 | ... | ... | £527,333 |
| Increase over last year | ... | ... | £44,553 |
| Balance carried forward to next year | ... | ... | £63,417 |
| Dividends on Ordinary Stock | ... | ... | 45% |

POINTS from the Speech of MR. MAGNUS GOODFELLOW (Chairman) at the Annual General Meeting of THE EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED, on June 3rd, 1937.

EXPANSION OF BUSINESS

The expansion of our business during the past year has fully kept pace with the improvement we have so fortunately experienced throughout the past eighteen years. The public demand continues to increase—fostered by the good quality of our goods and the reasonable prices which the high mechanisation of our plant and processes has enabled us to establish. There are few businesses to-day that have found it possible (in the face of rising costs) to make increased profits, while maintaining consumer prices at the low levels of recent years—years of cheap money and low commodity prices.

TRADE CO-OPERATION

We have been consistently and loyally supported by our Retail and Wholesale friends throughout the country, who realise the importance of establishing and maintaining a reasonably low price level to the consumer. For our part we seek to maintain for the distributing trade a fair margin of profit, and we can only continue to succeed in this endeavour while they continue to support us.

CAPITAL STRUCTURE

The proposed National Defence Contribution, so happily withdrawn—at the twelfth hour—by His Majesty's Government, made it necessary for us particularly to examine our Capital structure; while our nominal Issued Capital is at the low figure of £1,144,765, we have for many years ploughed back into the business roughly 25 per cent. of the yearly profits earned, and in addition we have from time to time obtained considerable sums from premiums on Shares issued.

I have caused our Accountants to make a careful examination into the position, and you will be interested to know that the real Capital employed in the business to-day amounts to approximately £4,000,000.

INTANGIBLE ASSETS WRITTEN OFF

One important step we have taken is to eliminate all goodwill and other intangible assets from the Balance Sheet. This writing off amounts to the large sum of £1,111,368. It will be appreciated by you that the many acquisitions we have made during the past eighteen years have contributed considerably to the successful trading position we occupy to-day, and I feel sure you will support us in the decision we have come to.

LIQUID ASSETS HIGHER

Our net liquid assets show a marked improvement. If you compare the last four items—Stock, Debtors, Government Securities, and Cash—with the previous year you will see that they have risen from £827,000 to £1,034,000.

MAINTENANCE OF EXISTING RETAIL PRICES ANTICIPATED

Our Stock has risen nearly £90,000 to £340,000. Broadly, the whole of this stock was purchased and is valued at prices ruling before the advances of the last six months. Our forward arrangements are also advantageous, and furthermore, we shall obtain in the present year the full results of the great savings in production costs brought about by the plant and process mechanisation of the past five years. I am therefore of opinion that it will not be necessary to increase our prices to the consumer during this year.

DIVIDENDS AMOUNTING TO 45 PER CENT. ON THE ORDINARY STOCK

Before leaving the Report and Accounts I must refer to the proposed increase in Dividend, which must have pleased you all. You will understand that, although we describe the last 10 per cent. of this dividend as Bonus, we should not have recommended it to you unless we thought there was a reasonable prospect of continuing the higher distribution on the increased Capital. Calculations show that, if our Profits are no more than maintained in the coming year, we shall have over £100,000 available for Reserves after paying 45 per cent. on the Increased Capital.

PROMISING OPENING TO PRESENT YEAR'S TRADING

This year's trading has opened very promisingly and I am hopeful that we shall again meet you next year with the progressive results to which we are accustomed.

JOIN The Navy League NOW

The Navy League is the only Organisation whose object is to urge the vital importance of Sea Power to the British Empire. All patriotic citizens should therefore give it their moral and financial support.

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| Member (without Magazine) | - - - | — | £0 5 0 |
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For information as to enrolling as a member of the League, please communicate with the General Secretary, The Navy League, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar-square, London, W.C.2.

HOTELS

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3; Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—Clevedon Guest House, Magdalen Road. Tel. 3056. Nicely situated, with garden, near sea and shops. Good cooking. Assured quiet and comfort. From 3 guineas. Special Winter terms.

BRIGHTON (HOVE)—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL. First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawns. Comfortable residential hotel. LIFT. Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 guineas. Special residential terms.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., 4 gns. each per week, full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60/-; Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5053.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5; Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—34 gns. Winter, 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761 762.

LONDON.—Shaftesbury Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2; 3 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, H. & C. Water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 530 Visitors. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 9/6.

CORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte breakfast, from 8/6.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Radcliffe Hotel Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden.

RYDE, I.O.W.—Royal Squadron Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns. 1 minute from Pier. Golf, tennis, bowls and bathing. Cocktail bar. Fully licensed.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

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RARE Stamps. For best prices send to Harmer Rooke's Strand Auctions, 2, Arundel Street. Sales Weekly.

MISCELLANEOUS

FRENCH RIVIERA.—Gentleman's large and attractive villa at Mentone for sale or to let unfurnished. Recently bought for £10,000, but the owner will accept £3,000 for a quick sale. A real bargain. The owner would also consider co-operating with other gentlemen in running the villa as a country-house hotel or rest home. Principals or their agents only should apply to N.P. Box Number 99, SATURDAY REVIEW, 18, York Buildings, London, W.C.2.

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